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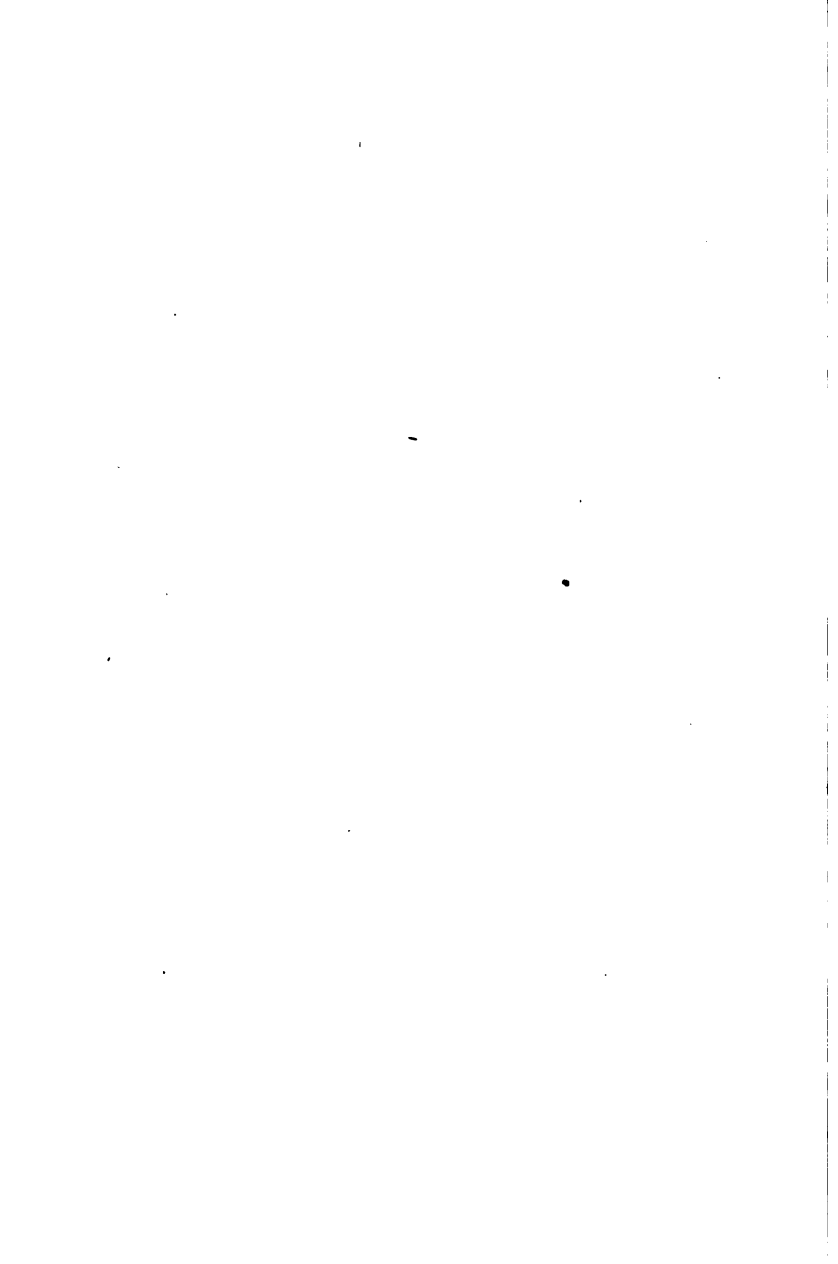
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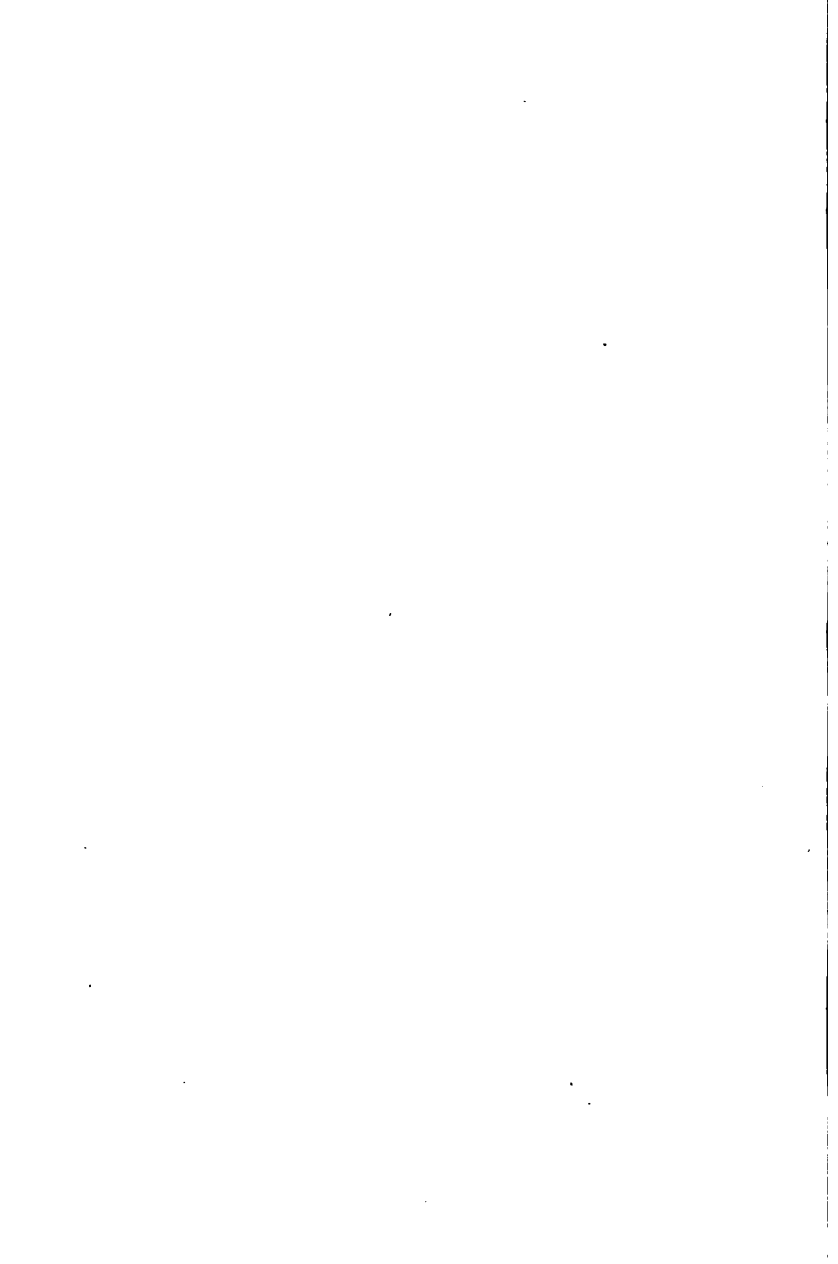
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A TENT BY THE  
LAKE

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

D. J. DONAHOE

L.C.

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NEW YORK  
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER

1889

M.S.M.



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# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
<b>A Tent by the Lake :</b>	<b>7</b>
The First Day,	7
Esterley's Tale—Roanoke Isle,	12
Esterley's Song—Mabel of Glenwood Green,	19
The Second Day,	21
Ashley's Tale—The Mount of Lamentation,	26
Ashley's Song—Out of Death Comes Life,	39
The Third Day,	41
Walton's Tale—The Vale of Happiness,	44
Interlude,	48
Walton's Song—What the Angels Sing,	49
The Fourth Day,	51
Walton's Second Tale—The Fairy Rout.	
First Part,	60
Second Part,	70
Walton's Second Song—My Native Vale,	
Farewell,	77
Finale,	79
<b>The Coming Light,</b>	<b>81</b>
<b>Evening,</b>	<b>83</b>
<b>Forlorn,</b>	<b>84</b>
<b>O, Could I Paint,</b>	<b>85</b>
<b>Late Summer,</b>	<b>86</b>
<b>The Faith of Love,</b>	<b>87</b>
<b>How Bright are thy Glances,</b>	<b>88</b>
<b>After the Mist,</b>	<b>89</b>
<b>I Heard the Robin Singing,</b>	<b>91</b>
<b>The Wondrous Dawn,</b>	<b>92</b>
<b>The Approach of Justice,</b>	<b>92</b>
<b>The Moon Rose like an Angel.</b>	<b>93</b>
<b>Hail, Evening,</b>	<b>94</b>
<b>Two Views,</b>	<b>96</b>
<b>Rosabelle,</b>	<b>98</b>
<b>Oh, That Cruel Word !</b>	<b>99</b>
<b>The Angelic Chorus,</b>	<b>101</b>
<b>When Night is on the Hills,</b>	<b>102</b>



# A TENT BY THE LAKE.

---

## THE FIRST DAY.

'Twas when the year had passed the  
time

Of juicy Spring and Summer's prime,  
And donned her robes of gaudiest dye  
Her faded freshness to supply ;  
When from the orchard o'er the field  
The gathered fruit the rustic wheeled,  
And all day long beneath the hill  
The tired horse labored at the mill,  
Pressing the cider from the cheese,  
While at the sweet tide sipped the bees,—  
'Twas then, the toils at book and pen,  
And lectures dry from learned men,  
Three college friends resolved to shun ;  
And each with knapsack and with gun  
To field and forest hied, to gain  
Refreshing change and ease from pain.

'Tis sweet to seek the squirrel gray  
That lightly leaps from spray to spray ;  
Or the shy partridges' grown brood  
That slyly sit outside the wood  
Among the tangled juniper,  
Till with a sudden hum and whirr  
They sweep away, the startled ear  
Learning too late what game was near.  
So thought these friends as fast away  
They hurried that October day,  
O'er stubbled field and bushy glen,  
Far from the humdrum haunts of men.

William Walton, young and tall  
Was the handsomest of all ;  
Spine well-curved and shoulders broad ;  
None could pass him on the road,  
None could pull an oar so well,  
And his comrades used to tell  
That no man in all his class  
Him in learning did surpass.  
Solitude he loved, and eke  
Nature's sweetnesses to seek ;  
Often when the sunset tinged  
Arawana, verdure-fringed,  
He was seen alone to stray  
Musing on the mossy bray ;  
Oft, ere Morning's luminous eye

Waked sweet smiles along the sky,  
His lone boat was seen to glide  
O'er Connecticut's slow tide.

Josiah Ashley, far less light  
Of spirit, seemed a duller wight,  
A plodder, slow to grasp a thought  
And slow to let it slip when caught ;  
One who well knew the worth of toil,  
And seldom spared the midnight oil.  
His face was furrowed even now,  
And a dark knot was on his brow ;  
His eye was stern, his mood demure,  
His speech was slow, his words were sure ;  
Falsehood he spurned with more than  
hate,  
He worshipped facts, and loved debate,  
And looked with reverential awe  
For fame and honor to the Law ;  
Yet suffered he his well-trained tongue  
To join at times in social song.

The third, young Arthur Esterley,  
Was far the merriest of the three ;  
Of fair smooth face, a slender boy,  
But he was full of life and joy ;  
His very eyes would laugh and play  
And twinkle with a genial ray ;



None was more ready with a jest,  
None joined in song with greater zest,  
Not one of all the college boys  
Was half so prone to mirth and noise ;  
With his rich voice the walls oft rung ;  
A tale came dancing from his tongue,  
A tale, erst dull, was bright and sweet  
Simply by his repeating it.

The sunset flame was in the west,  
What time they sought a place to rest,  
And slowly crept a rolling fog  
O'er thy fair lake, Pocatapaug,  
Beside whose silver water bright  
They pitched their canvas for the night,  
Behind the tent the shadowy wood  
In all its ancient grandeur stood,  
As dark and silent as the Past ;  
Before it, broad and mist-o'er-cast,  
Unruffled in the moon's calm ray,  
The sweet expanse of water lay.

" Here," Walton said, " our tent shall  
stand ;

No lovelier spot is in the land.  
We'll range the fields from morning gray,  
And here return at close of day ;  
And that the time may seem more light

Some one shall tell a tale each night,  
Himself to choose what it shall be."  
"And every man," cried Esterley  
Must end the story with a song;  
And all the chorus shall prolong."  
Agreed it was, and eke agreed  
That Esterley should take the lead.

**ESTERLEY'S TALE.****ROANOKE ISLE.**

Now robed were all the orchards  
In bridal garments gay,  
Of pink and white and golden light  
The laughing light of May ;  
And every bird whose song was heard  
Along the azure sky,  
Sang but of love and beauty,  
Sang but of life and joy.

The ship with all her sails unfurled  
Was moving from the shore,  
A gentle breeze behind her  
And a placid sea before.  
A hundred men and twenty wives  
Were leaving native land,  
To raise the City of Raleigh  
On Roanoke's leafy strand.

Three times, three times the moon was  
born,

And three times died before  
That noble band stepped out on land  
On Roanoke's grassy shore;  
And glorious was the summer sky,  
And sweet the morning smile;  
No fairer land lay 'neath the sun  
Than Roanoke's woody Isle.

Then up spake Dare, the Captain,  
The Captain of the band,  
"You, Father White, must see that we  
Shall have supplies on hand."  
"Nay, have no fear, my noble son,"  
The Governor replied,  
"For I'll return to England soon,  
And 'gainst your needs provide."

Day after day the axes rang,  
And trees fell crashing down;  
And soon amid the wilderness  
Arose a little town.  
And now what time the golden moon  
Came from the sea so fair,  
A dimpled maiden baby  
Was born to, Captain Dare.

Then out spake White, the Governor,  
"'Tis blessed news, my men!

Let wine and song the joy prolong  
Till daylight comes again.  
A sweet flower in the wilderness  
Springs up to deck the scene ;  
And she shall be called Virginia,  
Named for the Virgin Queen."

All night the wine cup circled round,  
'Mid song and dance and cheer ;  
But soon the ocean's dimpled cheek  
Showed that the morn was near—  
Then from the harbor sailed the bark,  
Swift in a swelling wind ;  
And White, the noble Governor  
Has left the land behind.

The summer passed and autumn,—  
The harvest-hand was bare ;  
And winter came with woe and want,  
With snow and frosty air ;  
And famished eyes were bent upon  
The ocean evermore ;  
But never a ship came sailing back  
To Roanoke's woody shore.

And fell disease and hunger  
Drove strong men to despair,—  
Away in the deep black forest  
They fled and perished there ;

And the little town that proudly bore  
The knightly Raleigh's name,  
In one wild night was leveled  
By fierce, devouring flame.

And not a trace of the sorrowful place  
Was left the morrow morn,  
But ashes and dead on the cold ground  
spread,  
And a mother and babe forlorn ;  
That mother waking from a swoon  
Saw the babe's laughing face,  
And wept and wept with breaking heart  
Alone in that bleak place.

But hark ! what music on the breeze  
Comes swelling from the wood ?  
A maiden's song in Indian tongue  
Awakes the solitude.  
O sweetly sounds the singing  
Like song of merry bird,—  
So wild a cadence ne'er before  
That startled mother heard.

## SONG.

Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,  
Singing at night,

Why do you grieve  
In the sweet moonlight ?  
Why do you mourn  
In your lonesome tree ?  
Is the night with her beauties  
So weary to thee ?

Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,  
Hiding all day,  
Far from the warmth  
Of the sunlight away,  
Why do you hide  
In your lonesome tree ?  
Is the day with his brightness  
So weary to thee ?

Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,  
Cease to complain ;  
See how the flowers spring  
After the rain ;  
After the winter  
How blossoms the tree ;  
Come and be happy,  
Sweet bird, with me.

Then rushing came in merry play  
A maiden from the wood ;

And startled by the mournful sight,  
Before the two she stood ;  
And kneeling down in fear she cried  
" O, spirits, strange and wild,  
Hurt not Manteo's daughter,—  
She's but a harmless child."

No word of the sweet Indian tongue  
Could the mother understand,  
But from the ground she raised herself  
And kissed the maiden's hand ;  
And placed the baby in her arms,—  
" Oh, guard my child ! " she cried,  
And fainting fell back to the earth,  
Down to the earth and died.

Full swiftly sped the maiden  
With the infant thro' the wood ;  
Each fagot crackling 'neath her feet,  
Startled the solitude ;  
The hoarse crow cawed above her head,  
The chattering squirrel played,  
But never from her tender charge  
The maiden's musings strayed.

Manteo's little daughter  
To sweet Virginia Dare



Became a loving sister  
And gave a mother's care.  
Her eyes dwelt ever on the child,  
And in her woodland tongue  
She called her Apple-blossom,  
And laughed and played and sung.

And years and years thereafter  
The tale was handed down,  
That the fair Apple-blossom  
Wore old Manteo's crown ;  
Her hand was sought by noble chiefs  
And warriors far and wide ;  
But the white Apple-blossom  
A virgin lived and died.

**ESTERLEY'S SONG.****MABEL OF GLENWOOD GREEN.**

IN a cot on the wood-covered hillside  
That looks o'er the daisied lea,  
There dwells a dear little maiden  
Whose heart is true to me ;  
Her smile is sweet as the morning,  
And gentle and calm her mien ;  
O, dear to my soul is Mabel,  
Sweet Mabel of Glenwood Green.

O, sweet is the song of the warbler  
From his perch in the leafy tree,  
But sweeter the voice of Mabel  
When she sings her songs to me ;  
And bright are the flowers in the morning,  
When bathed in the dew-drops' sheen,  
But brighter the face of my loved one,  
Sweet Mabel of Glenwood Green.

My spirit is thrilled with rapture,  
And freed from all human care,

While over the meads at sunset  
We walk among flowerets fair;  
A rippling brook is the laughter  
That dimples the cheeks of my queen,  
The queen of my heart, my darling,  
Sweet Mabel of Glenwood Green.

## THE SECOND DAY.

ACROSS the lake the morning-red  
In flakes of mellow glory spread ;  
The wood, the field, the copse, the brake  
Were with the new day's life awake ;  
By myriad sounds the air was stirred,  
The sounds of man and beast and bird ;  
A thousand voices in the air  
Showed Rest had yielded unto Care.  
From slumber wakened by the noise  
Rose from their grassy couch the boys,  
Bathed in the lake and broke their fast ;  
Then mused how should the time be  
passed.

Ashley resolves to try the lake,  
And Esterley the fields will take,  
While, gun in hand, young Walton keeps  
The precincts of the forest deeps ;  
And thus all day his separate sphere  
Each holds with sharpened eye and ear.

Silently drifting in his boat  
Around the lake did Ashley float ;  
A thousand beauties met his eye,  
The varying tints of field and sky,  
The purple hills, the gorgeous trees,  
The balmy mildness of the breeze,  
Pressed on his mind with gentle force  
And banished all the dull and coarse.  
Then o'er his soul the memory  
Of early days, long drifted by,  
Came fresh with all the hopes and fears,  
The lights and shades of greener years ;  
And all the life that long seemed dead,  
And all the rainbow rays long fled  
Waked in his breast in silent song,  
And Ashley felt his soul grow strong.

And all alone his pleasant way  
Held Esterley, the live-long day ;  
Through stony field and tangled fen,  
O'er hillside bare and rocky glen,  
And by the pleasant streamlet's edge  
Where wavelets chattered to the sedge ;  
And where the bending orchard trees  
Sent fragrance forth upon the breeze ;  
Through the green rowen field, and  
where  
The rich, ripe grape perfumed the air.

Merry at times he was, and oft  
His voice awoke in music soft,  
But as he paced the meadows sere,  
And marked the fading of the year,  
The thought of grief, and age, and gloom  
Came like a breath from out the tomb,  
And chill clouds o'er the future stole  
That damped the pleasure in his soul.  
Anon beside a stream he strays  
That laughs along its winding ways,  
Then spreads into a silver sheet,  
And rushes out in music sweet,  
Now glittering in the sunny glade,  
Now hiding in the dappled shade,  
Singing and dancing all the day  
As if the world were made for play.  
Here by the fairy brook beguiled,  
On a green bank where mosses smiled,  
He sat; the gloomy visions gone,  
The past and future seemed as one,  
A lovely vista, iris-hued,  
With every tint of joy imbued;  
And here amid the dreamy glow  
He stayed until the sun was low.

Deep in the dark old forest's shade  
All the long day young Walton strayed.  
How grand the trees that rose on high,

And gave but glimpses of the sky !  
How richly green each mossy bed  
On the damp earth beneath them spread !  
What mingled sounds came from above  
Of rustling leaf, and cooing dove,  
Of chattering squirrel hid on high,  
And warbler making melody !  
With odors rich the place was filled,  
As if the sweets each year distilled  
Were stored for centuries to grace  
With fragrance fit the grand old place.  
And when the scarce-felt western breeze  
Waked overhead among the trees,  
And all the dry leaves, rustling, joined  
In chorus with the weeping wind,  
It seemed the troubled ghost of Eld  
A prisoner in the place were held,  
And ever robbed of liberty,  
Were sighing ever to be free.

So Walton mused as all the day  
Through the dim paths he held his way.  
But when the red sun westward burned  
Toward the lake his steps he turned ;  
And when half-sunk behind the wood  
The sun sent down a crimson flood,  
The three were at the tent again,  
Weary, indeed, but merry men ;

And 'boasting of the game they brought'  
To make a hearty meal they sought.

Now each in his peculiar way  
Tells the adventures of the day,  
Of what was seen and what was done,  
Of feats performed by rod and gun,  
Till, supper being overpast,  
It was resolved that lots be cast  
To see who should the tale recite  
To rob the dullness from the night.  
The coin was marked in simple cheer,  
The tail, to tell, the head, to hear,  
And being cast, 'twas Ashley's fate  
The second story to relate.



## ASHLEY'S TALE.

### THE MOUNT OF LAMENTATION.

IN the mid-bosom of the State whose  
     name  
 Is wedded to the fair Connecticut,  
 With features roughened by the frosts  
     of time,  
 Stands frowning on the East a giant  
     cliff;  
 'Tis called among the country people  
     there  
 "The Mount of Lamentation;" and they  
     tell  
 This story of the name:—  
                     The winter wind  
 Shook the old trees that stood like  
     sentinels  
 Guarding the river's shores. A score of  
     men  
 Had settled in the Spring at Wethersfield,  
 And now were sorely pressed with cold  
     and want.

Under a group of pines their cabin  
stood ;  
And while the crackling fagots blazed,  
the snow  
With hissing sound thro' narrow crevice  
came,  
Forced open by the wind.

“ Tis a wild night,”  
Said Underwood, a man of hoary locks,  
“ But low our larder runs, and so the morn  
Must find us at our toil. And while we  
range  
The wood, you, John, shall clear a pas-  
sage-way,  
And hither bring the limbs the wind has  
loosed.”

The young man bowed assent. Upon  
his face  
The roses yet remained, for the first down  
Scarce made it rougher than a maiden's  
cheek.  
Then from the shelf the father brought  
a book,  
And read how Moses went into the  
Mount,  
And having looked upon the Promised  
Land,  
Died and by Angel hands was laid away.

While yet the herald star was in the  
East  
Brilliant, and o'er the white waste fell a  
line  
Of silver from the dying moon, the men  
Shook slumber from their eyes, and in  
the snow  
Bathing their faces, went into the wood.

And all alone, obeying his father's hest,  
John Underwood soon cleared a foot-  
pathway  
From the low cabins to the gruesome  
forest,  
And homeward dragged the boughs the  
wind had loosed.

High in the topmost branches out of  
sight  
The hoarse crow, pinched with hunger,  
harshly croaked  
Upon the snoring wind. Deep in the  
wood  
A little stream with gentle curvings  
flowed,  
The music of whose wave rejoiced the  
ear.  
The snow in silver drifts indented lay

On either side; and mosses green and  
soft  
Peeped out from underneath. Wooed  
from his work  
By the sweet scene young Underwood  
sat down,  
And listening to the noises overhead,  
And the rich music rising at his feet,  
He marveled at the strangeness of the  
place;  
And for the soothing thoughts that o'er  
him came,  
He could not after say how long he sat.

Then sweeter than the purling at his feet,  
And louder than the noises overhead  
A voice from out the forest singing  
came:—

“O youth, that sittest idly by the stream,  
Musing on things that are not, only seem,  
Awake, awake, and follow, follow me!  
Here thro' the dark old forest grand  
and high'  
Whose mighty branches flaunt against  
the sky,  
Arise, arise, and follow, follow me!

"In winter-time my couch is in the  
leaves,  
Spring giveth flowers and harvest-time  
the sheaves;

Awake, awake, and follow, follow me!  
Grief's cruel arms shall ne'er our hearts  
enfold,

Ne'er cross our path shall famine, want,  
or cold;

Arise, arise, and follow, follow me!"

Entranced, he gave his soul to the soft  
tones,

And, rising up, sped swiftly thro' the  
wood

In quest of the sweet singer; for the  
strain

Had in his spirit waked an answering  
chord

That gave the music back in nameless  
joy,—

"O sweet one, whom my soul's eyes long  
to see,

Fly not away, but wait, ah, wait for me;  
Swiftly I follow thro' the forest deeps."

Thus in a wild voice catching the weird  
air,

Rushing amid the pathless wood he sang,  
Scaring the barking fox and starved  
crow,

And the lithe squirrel bounding thro'  
the trees,—

“ Angelic voice! fly not away from me,  
For never can I cease to follow thee!

I come, I come thro' the dark forest  
deeps.”

And on thro' tangled boughs and drifted  
snows,

And over wide rank bogs that ice had  
made

Dangerously passable, he sped away ;  
But never in his weary searching found  
The siren singer. When the orange sun  
Hung low in the cold west he reached a  
glade

Where a broad plain stretched out with  
one bare tree

Set in the midst ; and out of it a sound,  
Hollow and hoarse, like a demoniac  
laugh,

Grated his ear, and a black beast that  
seemed

Winged like a bat, rose up and soared  
away

Into the west, and sank there with the  
sun.

Back turned the youth, but fear and  
weariness

Had seized him, and his quaking limbs  
refused

To bear him onward. Then around him  
rose

A thousand voices, weird, confused, and  
strange,

The which he understood not, but which  
racked

His soul with piercing grief. Then  
rising up

Again he hurried thro' the trackless  
wood,

While round him evermore the noises  
rang

Vexing his sensitive ear. At times a star  
Smiled thro' the canopy of trees, and  
pleased

His faint soul for a moment, and went  
out.

Upon the morrow, when the dawn was  
gray

He came upon an open place and saw

A beetling cliff above him, whose brown  
face  
Was roughened by the gnawing frosts  
of time,  
And scowled upon the morning ; and he  
cried,—  
“ Oh, woe the day that e'er I bent my ear  
To the sweet words of the Tempter !  
Why, ah, why  
Did I neglect the duty of the time  
And waste my hours in idle dreams  
away !  
Yet haply now yon hoary peak would  
show  
The cabins of my fellows.”

Soon he gained  
The wind-swept summit and gazed  
eagerly  
Over a wide, wild country. All was  
strange  
And grand, but nowhere fell his wistful  
eye  
Upon the cabins ; nought that gave him  
hope  
Appeared ; and 'neath a spreading hem-  
lock tree



In wild despair on the damp ground he  
fell,  
And wailed his helpless fate.

The winter wind  
All day sang fiercely thro' the hemlock  
tree,  
And his loud wailing mingled with the  
song,  
As underneath, awaiting death, he lay.  
Then the wild wish came to his desperate  
soul  
To make his father hear his dying cry ;  
And in an agony he called aloud,  
" Father, oh father ! " and with lifted hand  
To aid his ear he listened, and was  
crazed  
With sounds that drowned a human  
voice afar,  
Blent with the Tempter's liquid melody,  
And the mad laughter of the bat-winged  
beast.

Fierce was the grief that seized the  
father's soul  
When night came and he knew the  
youth was lost.

With loving voice he called, "my son,  
my son!"  
And the men ranging thro' the forest  
called,  
In wailing cries, all night: "John Underwood!"  
Only the echo gave the voices back  
In hollow mockery, and the wind roared  
out  
In the tall tree-tops; but no answer  
came  
Till on the morrow when the sun was  
high,  
Out of the south the old man heard a  
voice,  
"Father, oh father!" calling faint from  
far.

Then southward turning all day long  
they went  
Calling the wandering youth with frequent cries;  
But ever on the father's ear alone  
A voice came faint as from a dying man.

Upon the second day when the slant sun  
Had journeyed half-way down his western  
course

They came upon an open place where  
rose

A beetling cliff that frowned upon the  
east.

Then from the mountain top came the  
faint voice,

And all could hear what until now they  
deemed

The fancy of a sorrow-maddened brain,  
"Father, oh father!" spake in agony.

Swiftly the mountain-side the old man  
clomb,

Urging his unsafe steps "I come, my  
son!"

And soon before the suffering boy he  
stood;

But the wild staring eye did know him  
not.

"Alas, my lad!" cried Underwood with  
tears,

Pressing him to his heart. "But let  
God's will

Be done; for still thro' all it worketh  
good."

Then turning to the men with moistened  
eye

And faltering voice, he said, " A mourn-  
ful day  
Is this, dear friends ; and for it is, and  
for  
Our answered wailings, let this moun-  
tain be  
The Mount of Lamentation."

Homeward then  
Sadly they traced their steps ; and when  
they came  
Upon an open place where a broad plain  
Stretched out with one bare tree set in  
the midst,  
In a loud voice the young man cried,  
"Ah ! hear  
The mocking laughter of the bat-winged  
beast."  
And when he reached the streamlet where  
he sat  
When first he heard the siren song, he  
stood  
And listening with enraptured ear, he  
cried,  
" Ah ! hear ye not the sweet voice call-  
ing me ?  
' O youth, that sittest idly by the stream  
Musing on things that are not, only seem,  
Awake, awake, and follow, follow me.' "

Twas after told that when the winter-  
time  
With all its noises in the wood was gone.  
And the sweet blossoms and the singing  
birds  
Returned to the glad earth, John Under-  
wood  
Walked forth a perfect man. But all  
his days  
Within his memory lived the siren song,  
The hollow mocking laughter, and the  
sight  
Of the black beast that soared into the  
west.  
And when the men who listened, while  
he told  
In after years of all he heard and saw,  
Would, smiling in the pride of wisdom,  
say  
“’Twas the vain working of a heated  
brain ;”  
He shook his head and answered, “ God  
knows best.”

ASHLEY'S SONG.

OUT OF DEATH COMES LIFE.

I was walking in the orchard when the  
sun was sinking low ;  
In the East the moon was rising cold  
and pale ;  
On the hillside by the hedges lay a line  
of drifted snow,  
And the swollen brook went roaring  
down the vale.

On an apple-bough above me, eager-  
voiced, a robin sang,  
Sweetly sang in gentle cadences and  
slow ;  
With a dreamy mellow richness on the  
air the music rang,  
And I could but listen as I walked  
below.

Sweet the voice above the streamlet that  
went rushing down the glen,

To my soul the simple song did plainly  
say;—  
Why should care o'erpower the spirit;  
why should sorrow trouble men?  
Out of Death comes Life and Beauty  
from Decay.

When the daylight died and shadows  
came, the pallid moon grew bright,  
And she soared on silver wings along  
the sky;  
And a thousand stars were sparkling in  
the azure crown of Night,  
And a thousand added glories met  
the eye;

And from out the hollow tomb I saw  
the flowerets rise again,  
Quickened by the mellow shower and  
genial ray;  
And the sacred truth o'ercame me;—  
Why should sorrow trouble men?  
Out of Death comes Life and Beauty  
from Decay.

### THE THIRD DAY.

On the third morn the sun was high,  
The grass of dew was nearly dry,  
The birds preparing for their flight  
Were chattering in a restless plight  
And flitting e'er from tree to tree,  
When, roused from sleep, arose the three;  
Bathed in the lake, and toilet done,  
The breakfast was completed soon;  
And soon, with Walton at the oar,  
The boat was gliding from the shore;  
Holding the line with earnest mien  
Out o'er the stern did Ashley lean;  
And Esterley full eager scanned  
The banks for game, his gun in hand.

Thus passed the morn; the quiet noon  
Found them upon the island lone  
That gems the bosom of the lake;  
A spot, by verdant moss, and brake,  
And lichen'd rock, and gnarled tree,  
Made fair as eye could wish to see.



Here in delightful leisure lay  
The three that lovely Autumn day,  
E'en till the rosy sunset fell  
With mellow radiance o'er the dell,  
And all the lake burned golden fair,  
In happy converse lay they there,  
Of war and peace, of earth and skies,  
How peoples fall and nations rise ;  
And oft their voices, loud and long,  
Would join in some soul-stirring song,  
While echo bounding from the shore  
Gave back the strain the waters o'er.

Now as the shades of evening fell  
They rose to bid the isle farewell,  
And gliding o'er the lake again,  
Loudly they sang this ringing strain :—

*A SONG FOR NEW ENGLAND.*

Loved New England, dear my birthland !  
Child of God's benignant time,  
Not the sun in his round journey  
Smiles upon a happier clime ;  
Not the sun in his round journey  
Sees such meadows, vales and hills,  
Or such mountains, robed in purple,  
Singing with their thousand rills.  
There is no land like my own land !

Even thy downs when brown and  
bare  
Thrill the soul to such sweet rapture  
May be felt no other where.

Fair thy daughters as the sunshine,  
Proud thy sons and strong and brave;  
Freedom's hand the scepter wieldeth  
'Gainst the laws that bind the slave;  
Freedom's hand the scepter wieldeth  
With a power both strong and pure,  
And that power is thine, New England,  
Whilst the mountains shall endure.  
There is no land like my own land!  
Even thy hillsides' wintry glare  
Thrill the soul with such sweet beauty  
May be seen no other where.

And soon upon the shore they came  
And placed the dishes o'er the flame,  
While wreaths of smoke arose on high  
And, breaking, vanished in the sky;  
The fragrance of the evening meal  
Burst from the tent with sharp appeal  
To appetite. The meal soon done,  
Young Walton thus his tale began

**WALTON'S TALE.****THE VALE OF HAPPINESS.**

The slumbrous breezes down the vale  
Were breathing where the stream-  
let rolled

Between its banks of green and gold  
'Neath azure skies that ne'er grew pale;  
For following e'er the drowsy day  
Arose the moon with dreamy ray,  
And soon as cloud appeared on high  
In fairy showers it left the sky;  
And never Winter's hand was seen,  
But through the year the grass was green;  
And mosses soft and velvet flowers,  
Fed by the sun, and dew, and showers,  
Uniting blessed these happy bowers.

Low-bending o'er the glittering wave  
Their leaves within the tide to lave,  
Hung darksome boughs of ancient trees  
Where sang all day the summer breeze;

And round their stems did intertwine  
The woodbine sweet and berried vine,  
Whose leaves with dew-drops dripping  
    wet  
In many a fair festoon were set.

O, 'twas a glad and lovely scene !  
Sweet meads and hill-side pastures green,  
And banks that rose above the stream  
    Cool with moist verdure ; and a grove  
Where calm and silence reigned supreme,  
    Save when the warbler's song  
    Awaked the boughs among ;  
    And where the air as mild as Love  
And sweet, was evermore the same.  
Fear was unknown, and Sin and Shame,  
Abashed, forsook the sacred place ;  
For 'twas the Vale of Happiness.

From his toil pausing often thro' the day  
The squirrel chattered on some bending  
    spray ;  
And making melody throughout the year  
All the sweet birds of every land were  
    here ;  
The thrush upon the tree-top loud in song,  
The merry bobolink the meads among,  
The robin piping in the apple tree,

The gentle wood-dove cooing lovingly,  
The lark at morning singing in the sky,  
The nightingale at night, and rich and  
    high,  
Swelling and bubbling over all the rest,  
The mock-birds' song, the maddest and  
    the best.

Oft with measured step and slow  
Drowsily the drove did go  
To the dappled shade that fell  
From an oak-tree in the dell;  
Oft unto the streamlet's brink  
Fearless came the fawn to drink,  
Or with swift foot sought the shade,  
And browsing lingered in the glade.

And here the world of sin behind,  
No care to grieve the perfect mind,  
Nor want nor pain molesting, strayed  
In this sweet vale a Youth and Maid;  
A youth of bright and manly face,  
Of noble form and stately pace;  
Like a young eagle's was the eye  
    That calmly as the light of morn  
Shone 'neath a brow, so clear and high,  
    Where lay no line of hate or scorn.

The maiden was a gentle child ;  
Her eyes were heavenly blue and mild,  
Her wealth of gold hair curling well  
Down o'er her sloping shoulders fell ;  
Her face shone tenderly ; her mien  
At once was queenly and serene.

And these were lovers, pure as heaven's  
blue,  
As innocent as Virtue, and as true  
As Angels ; and they lovingly delayed  
Above the stream and under the sweet  
shade ;  
And often joyously did rove  
'Neath the wide arches of the grove,  
Singing in tender tones their songs of  
love ;  
Such songs of love as only the glad ear  
Of happy soul from happy soul can hear,  
Freed of the burden of all worldly cares  
And rapturously tuned to heavenly airs.

And often o'er the flowers they walked  
Amid the rays that round them shone  
And in sweet laughter gayly talked,  
For dearest pleasure was their own.

And when aweary they, in bliss,  
On mosses soft did seek repose,  
Where flower-besprinkled banks did kiss  
The curling waves that fell and rose.

O, here they lived and here they died  
In love and peace, so shadowless,—  
May Heaven grant each groom and bride  
A perfect Vale of Happiness.

INTERLUDE.

A ringing laugh from Esterley  
Aroused the echoes. "This," said he,  
"Will never do. What, call you this  
A story, Walton? Oh, there's bliss,  
And love, and peace, and all of that,  
But for a tale 'tis failure flat;—  
And that's what you're required to tell.  
However, for to-night 'tis well;  
And, though we wish not to berate  
Your work, or enter on debate,  
You'll find there's nothing like a song  
To smother strife and peace prolong."  
"By all means, then, sweet peace to  
bring,"  
Said Walton laughing, "I shall sing."

## WALTON'S SONG.

### WHAT THE ANGELS SING.

Hark ! how the heavenly music sounds  
Above the waking world !  
And lo ! how from the flashing skies  
The lingering shades are hurled !  
The day is dawning bright and clear  
When Freedom's voice shall ring,  
And ransomed men shall rise in love ;  
For so the angels sing.

See thundering down the shadowy slope  
The heartless host of Wrong ;  
And see the ranks of Right arise  
In truth and victory strong !  
Rejoice, O Brotherhood of Man,  
Your banners boldly fling !  
Sweet love, ere long, shall be your law,  
For so the angels sing.



Oh, who shall stay the glorious time  
When over all below  
The light of God in golden streams  
And gentle power shall flow!  
Then peace o'er all the earth shall reign  
With men of righteous will;  
For so the angels sang of old—  
So sing the angels still.

## THE FOURTH DAY.

Ere yet the purple dawn had stirred  
Among the twigs the twittering bird,  
A wailing voice to sorrow toned  
That partly sang and partly moaned  
Outside the tent, aroused from sleep  
The boys. The voice was low and deep,  
At times ; anon 'twas wild and high  
And seemed to touch the clouded sky  
With wailing weird, that ne'er before  
The voice of human being bore ;  
With pain and anguish and despair,  
It thrilled the chilling morning air.  
'Twas woman's voice, rich, soft and  
strong ;  
And thus she sang her doleful song :—

### SONG.

“ Forevermore ! forevermore  
The moon shall hear my moan !  
For thou art bound on foreign shore,  
And I am here alone !

“ A thousand leagues of sea and land,  
Bleak land and stormy sea,  
Stretch out a weary wilderness  
Between my love and me.

“ And all the hours, the golden hours  
Our days of pleasure gave,  
Are dead, as were the tender flowers  
When winter winds did rave.

“ And I’m alone, and thou’rt alone,  
Alone forevermore!  
And eve and morn, and night and noon  
The cold waves lash the shore.”

Thrilled by the voice the comrades went  
Unto the doorway of the tent  
And listened, while the verses flowed  
Melodious through the sounding wood,  
Whose mournful echoes gave again  
The words in a more weird refrain;  
And from the islet in the lake  
A sadder echo seemed to wake.  
And evermore the song she sung,  
And evermore the echoes rung,  
And still more strange the accents grew  
As nearer still the sad voice drew.

Anon she paused, and for a space  
Reigned a deep silence in the place;  
Then from the glade the screech-owl  
screamed;

An evil spirit's voice it seemed;  
And from the brake the whippoorwill  
Whistled a moment and was still;  
Then, low and tremulous, again  
Came swelling on the air the strain;  
Nearer and nearer still it came,  
And ever was the song the same.

Now, toward the tent a figure white  
Came moving in the lurid light.  
She came with steady, noiseless tread  
As one arisen from the dead,  
A disembodied soul. Around  
Her shoulders, reaching near the ground  
Thick-clustering fell a wealth of hair;  
Her hands were folded as in prayer,  
Her thoughts upon the past intent,  
Her eyes on heaven's blue were bent;  
And evermore her tireless tongue  
In tones of rueful anguish rung.

When near the tent, she stood to gaze  
Upon the three in mute amaze;  
Her eyes were wide; her lips apart;  
Her hands still folded on her heart;

A single rosebud in her breast  
Was sleeping like a bird in nest;  
So withered 'twas that many a day  
Had passed since it was on the spray.  
Long stood she like a statue there  
Her sweet face beaming thro' her hair;  
Then with a wild laugh, in a swoond,  
Breathless she fell upon the ground.

Now busked the startled boys to aid  
In manner fit the maniac maid;  
One ran for water to the lake;  
Another hied a fire to make  
To thaw her freezing limbs; her head  
Upon his breast young Walton laid,  
And strove assiduous to renew  
The pulse that faint and fainter grew.

And while the blaze was burning bright,  
And all to aid the maiden's plight  
Their knowledge gave, was being done,  
While life from death was being won,  
A hurrying hoof-beat down the wood  
Resounded, and before them stood,  
Mounted a steaming steed upon,  
A youth, whose face showed worth and  
brawn.

"Hallo!" he cried, "I've lost my way  
Among the woods since close of day;  
Pray guide my steps aright, for I  
Would, ere the sun is in the sky,  
Gain Middletown." Then quick upstarts  
The maid and toward the rider darts;  
"Methought I heard his voice! 'Tis he,  
My Aylmer dear returned to me!"

Then, deeply blushing, back she drew,  
For o'er her wildered spirit flew  
A myriad mingled thoughts; she stood,  
Joy, shame, and sorrow in her mood;  
As the sun breaking from the cloud,  
So from her mind was rent the shroud  
Of darkness that around her hung,  
And her deep musings held her tongue.

Appalled a space stood Leffington,  
And gazed the maiden's face upon,  
More lovely growing as the light  
Of dawn dispelled the dusk of night;  
More lovely growing as the ray  
Of Reason chased the shades away.  
Then, leaping from the steed, he wound  
His arms the maiden's form around;—  
"My sweet Rose, prithee what can mean  
This meeting strange, this wildering  
scene?"

Why do I see my darling's face  
At such a time, in such a place ? ”  
“ Dear Aylmer, ask me not ! Oh, pray,  
Pray ask me not ! I cannot say.  
But art thou come again to me ?  
Come back again o'er the wild sea ?  
I've thought on thee from morn till night,  
And still again till morning light.  
Sleep, rest, and food I cast away ;  
Thou wert my life, my rest, my stay.  
But ask not how I hither came,  
I know not how nor where I am.  
But thou art not returned to me  
Out of the grave ? It cannot be.  
And yet they told me thou wert bound  
In a cold dungeon underground,  
Condemned by Austrian cruelty ;—  
And here thou art with me, with me ! ”

And weeping tears of happiness  
That seemed to wash away distress,  
And brighten all her thousand charms,  
She nestled in her lover's arms.

“ Yes, Rose, 'twas but the truth they told,  
Fast bound I was in Austrian hold,  
The victim of as foul a lie  
As ever blackened soul. Yet I  
Urged by my burning love for thee,  
Escaped, and safely crossed the sea.

We reached New London yesterday  
At sunset. With this gallant gray  
All night I've crossed the country drear,  
My thoughts on thee, to find thee here.  
'Twas sure the hand of Destiny  
That swerved me from the path to thee."

The murky clouds that hung on high  
Were breaking, and the orient sky  
With shafts of rosy red was bright,  
And wakened by the morning light  
The birds were singing in the trees;  
The lake, light-ruffled by the breeze  
Was shimmering to the dawn. And  
pressed  
Till sunrise in the place to rest  
The youth and maid sat down. A glow  
Of crimson crost her erst white brow,  
While in a mad whirl, past control,  
The thoughts came rushing through her  
soul,  
Confused, yet ever clearer seen,  
Of things that were and might have been.  
And now the boys with ready care  
A breakfast on the green prepare,  
A huntsman's meal from wood and lake;  
And all in joy the feast partake.  
And meanwhile Aylmer Leffington  
Tells of strange feats of spear and gun,



In foreign lands. "And yet, and yet,  
The strangest thing my life has met  
Is this unlooked-for meeting here,  
My sweet wild Rose, my only dear."

The breakfast over came the sun  
Out of the East, and Leffington  
Arose and led the maid away,  
From Frenzy's night to Reason's day  
Restored by gaining him she loved,  
By absence tried, by danger proved.

Now wood and hill and meadow gray  
Were scoured until the shut of day,  
And to the tent at eve returned,  
With cheering blaze the fagots burned,  
The friends sat round the flickering  
flame,  
And hunger quelled by toothsome game.

"This night," said Ashley, "is the last  
Which in the woodland shall be passed;  
So who shall while the hour away  
With tale and song?" "If I should say,"  
Said Esterly, "'Twould seem but right  
That Walton bear the strain to-night.  
Though in its way his Happy Vale  
Might do, yet it was not a tale."

“Indeed,” said Ashley presently,  
“That very thought occurred to me.”  
“Then, rather than offend you both,”  
Cried Walton, “though, indeed I’m loth  
To take the time when I might stay  
Better a listener, I’ll essay  
A story. Your good will must know  
To mend what’s weak and raise what’s  
low.”

**WALTON'S SECOND TALE.****THE FAIRY ROUT.****PART FIRST.****I.**

THE moon of Midsummer full and fair  
Gave mellow light to the dewy air,  
And creamy clouds on the breeze were  
    blown,  
As if the stars sweet flowers had strown  
Along her walk across the sky  
To gladden her road as she rose on high.  
Her light, like a gauze, hung far and wide  
And slept on Connecticut's quiet tide ;  
And the granite surface of Bodkin Rock  
Gave back on the air, as the moon to  
    mock,  
A thousand sparkles, glittering bright  
As a thousand stars on the brow of Night.  
There in the River's path he stood,

His proud head crowned by an ancient  
wood,  
And seemed to speak with his brother  
grim,  
Who stood in the River's path like him.  
Here narrow and deep the water grew  
To pass in safety the mighty two;  
And then it widened its way once more,  
And played with the herbage on either  
shore;  
Round Haddam's ferny isle it spread,  
And hastened away to its ocean bed.

## II.

As the moon uprose, to a pleasant spot  
On Bodkin's brow—'twas an elfin grot—  
Hurried the Fairies from far and near  
For their midnight dance and games of  
cheer.  
Some from the woods came trooping  
down,  
Some from the hills past Middletown;  
Some from the shore of the surging sea  
Came in their shells to the elfin glee;  
And with music and song in their odor-  
ous wake,  
Came a merry throng from Pocatapaug  
Lake.

On Bodkin's brow, where the moon-  
beams glanced,  
Here they gathered, and here they danced,  
Chased and circled and crossed and  
swung,  
Merrily danced and merrily sung;  
Musical voices low and sweet  
Keeping time with their pattering feet,  
Rose on the air like the voice of the bee,  
Or like the cricket that chirps in the tree  
Thro' all the dewy September night,  
Nor loves to cease till the morning light;  
So their musical voices rung,  
And this is the song the Fairies sung:—

## III.

## SONG.

“Merrily, merrily round we go,  
In and out and to and fro,  
Dance and whistle and laugh and sing,  
Make the rocks with music ring.

“While the whispering breezes blow,  
And the air is sweet below  
With the fluttering flowers and leaves,  
Still the night our song receives.

Let the glittering dew-drops fall,  
Let the moonlight look o'er all,  
Let birds twittering in the tree  
Peep upon our midnight glee;

But the muttering toad and snake  
Shall be driven to the brake,  
For no loathsome sights to see,  
Full of mirth the night shall be."

## IV.

" But Fairies, hush ! a mortal comes !  
The thoughts and cares that curse the  
homes  
Of mankind, bring their blighting chill !  
List what he wills ; be still ! be still !"  
" How sweet the hour ! 'Tis such a night  
As Fairies in the silver light  
Might love to pass in dance and song.  
How calmly flows the stream along,  
Its wavelets in the moonbeams sheen  
As the dew near me on the green.  
And O, how sweet a spot is this !  
Forsooth it must bring waking bliss  
To any spirit whose bright wing  
Had not in sorrow's murky spring  
Been sullied. But alas ! no more  
On Joy's light pinions may I soar ;

For at my birth-bed sat old Fate,  
And frowningly decreed that Hate  
Or cold Neglect should ever be  
For my best love returned to me;  
And that the enforcement might be sure  
Of the decree, she made me poor.  
Oh! but a warmer heart ne'er beat,  
Than my poor heart, sweet Marguerite!  
Oh! why has Nature given thee wealth,  
And mind and loveliness, and health,  
And fashioned me to love thee best—  
One of her poorest, neediest?"

## v.

Thus Edward Winter, a fond youth,  
Whose heart was large with noble ruth  
That shone back from his features, said  
The Fairies sought the coppice shade  
And seeing, but by him unseen,  
Listened. "Look not on Albert Green,  
O, Marguerite, sweet Marguerite!  
What tho' he show on many a street  
His lands, and proudly pointing say,  
"All these are thine our wedding-day!"  
He loves thee not, nor can he love,  
My Marguerite, so sweet a dove.  
Thy wealth, the beauty of thy face  
Find in his eyes a selfish grace ;

But his dull mind can never guess  
The goodness which thy eyes confess.  
Kind Angels guard a soul so fair!  
'Twere sin that even one shining hair  
Of her rich tresses should be sold  
For all of Albert's glittering gold.  
Oh, that I had but leave to tell  
Her whom my soul would serve so well,  
Against his worthlessness to guard,  
Against his lures to be prepared;  
To see her wed, if not to me,  
At least to one might worthy be."

## VI.

So he spoke and down he lay,  
On the mosses green and gray,  
And he closed his tearful eyes  
From the moon and starry skies.  
Slumber soon her silken gauze  
O'er his eyelids gently draws,  
And with breathings soft and deep  
Lulls his weary mind to sleep.

## VII.

Round and round him in a ring  
Now the Fairies circling sing :—  
"Mortal, sleep! and when you rise  
Dash the teardrops from your eyes!"



Worth shall have its meed, though late ;  
Ere from out the Orient gate  
In his chariot comes the sun,  
Fate's decree shall be undone.  
Fairies well their word shall keep,  
Fear not, fear not ; mortal, sleep !”

## VIII.

Then Daisy, a silver-winged, golden  
  haired fay  
Over him hovered, and thus did she  
say :—

“ In the mead beneath a stone  
  Where the limpid wavelets glide  
And blue flowerets, many a one,  
  Wade into the water's side,  
Toil and delve ; for there was hid  
Glittering gold by Captain Kidd.”

Then the Fairies in a ring  
Round him circled, caroling ;—

“ By a lake a lovely cot  
  With a shaven lawn before,  
And behind a garden plot,  
  Smelling sweet with many a  
  flower ;

All around it rows of trees  
Set a tasteful eye to please,—

This will suit the maiden well;  
Hearken what the Fairies tell."

Now the ring they broke—the rout  
Vanished with an elfin shout;  
East and West and South and North  
From the morn they hurried forth.

## IX.

In an acorn-cup drawn by a dragon-fly  
sped  
Little Daisy, and lighted near Margue-  
rite's bed,  
And she sang in a voice as a wedding-  
bell clear  
These words of warning in Marguerite's  
ear.

"Lovely mortal, have a care  
'Gainst the man who loves thee ne'er  
But for gold which he may share  
And the beauty thou dost bear;  
Beware, beware, beware!"

She spoke, and hurried away, away,  
In her acorn-cup. The early day  
Looked in at the window and saw a face  
On the pillow that rivaled his own sweet  
rays.

Fair Marguerite flings her arms, and sighs,  
And turns on her couch, and opes her  
eyes.

But she says, as she sees the dawn's first  
beam,

"Thank Heaven, 'twas only a morning  
dream !

But such a dream ! such a warning tone !  
Even now in my ears it is ringing on ;  
And the sweet-faced Fairy I still can see  
In my mind, as when she was warning  
me,—

'Beware of the man that loves thee ne'er  
But for gold and beauty ; beware, beware !'  
A foolish dream is this ; forsooth,  
Who bears a doubt of my Albert's truth ? "

x.

Away and away in her acorn-cup  
Went Daisy before the sun was up  
Ever she urged the dragon-fly on ;  
Like a flash they were here, like a flash  
they were gone.

Swiftly, swiftly away they sped,  
And Daisy alighted near Albert's bed.  
With a voice like the buzzing of a bee  
Whose hive is harmed, thus whispered  
she :—

“Lock your bosom as you may,  
Strive your best to hide deceit,  
Say to her what you may say,  
You’ll be known by Marguerite!  
She has eyes and she can see,  
She has ears and she can hear,  
And her heart can only be  
Bought by him who buys it dear.”

Thus little Daisy, and off she flew  
Over the meadowlands wet with the dew;  
“On, Dragon, on! On, Dragon, on!  
Hie thee, oh, hie thee, for here comes  
the sun!”

**THE FAIRY ROUT.****PART SECOND.**

Now the day has sunk to rest,  
Cooling airs come from the west,  
All about is sweet and still,  
Falls no sound from vale or hill,  
Save of dry leaves in the trees  
Rustling with the whispering breeze;  
For the Autumn now is here,  
Laden with its loads of cheer,  
With the happiness that lives  
In the smiles which Plenty gives.  
Still no lovelier place may be  
For the Fairies' revelry,  
Than their old-time favorite spot  
On Bodkin's brow, the elfin grot.

**II.**

Now the wood on Bodkin's crown,  
Purple, gold, and green, and brown,

In October's yellow ray,  
Smiling stood the livelong day,  
But more lovely looked at night,  
Gilded by the soft moonlight.  
Then the Fairies hither hied  
To the grot on Bodkin's side,  
From the East and from the West  
Here they came in gleeful haste,  
From the hills past Middletown  
Joyful troops were hurrying down,  
And on flashing pinions more  
From the ocean's pebbly shore.  
Here they form an elfin ring ;  
And this is the song the Fairies sing :—

## III.

## SONG.

“ Far from where dull mortals languish  
In their self-made care and anguish  
Fairies love to rest the wing,  
Join the hands and dance and sing.

“ While the midnight moon is beaming,  
And one half the world is dreaming,  
Then the Fairies circling round,  
Dance upon the dewy ground.

“ Here with merry music ringing,  
Here with merry voices singing,  
Chase the hours, with pleasures free,  
Till the earliest dawn we see.”

## IV.

“ Hark ! hush the song ! the denser air  
Proclaims a human footstep near ;  
Close in these leafy bowers lie  
And guard your forms from mortal eye ! ”  
“ Sweet spot ! Ethereal happiness  
Seems to surround this grand old place.  
How placidly the River flows !  
And in the wind that lightly blows  
So curls its waters that the moon  
Seems dancing in the deep ; and soon,  
The breezes hushed, the mirror seems  
To vie with the celestial beams.  
Ah ! truly, 'tis a lovely spot !  
And this star-kissed, delightful grot  
Where now I linger well might be  
A haunt for Fairy revelry.  
Even now I feel the Fairies near !  
'Tis but short space since I came here  
And dreamed such heavenly sweet things  
As could have fallen but from their  
wings.

Since that sweet hour has Fortune  
    smiled  
And made of me a favorite child ;  
Cast wealth and pleasure at my feet,  
And given my soul loved Marguerite !  
Tis like a vision since that day,  
And oft I fear 'twill pass away  
With morrow waking ; yet, forsooth,  
Such beauty must be also truth ;  
For falsehood cannot be so sweet,  
Nor evil live near Marguerite.  
To-morrow is my wedding-day !  
Oh, let me dream an hour away,  
Dream of my happiness complete  
In my soul's darling, Marguerite ! ”

## v.

Thus Edward Winter ; and he lay  
On moistened mosses green and gray ;  
An easy and a pleasant bower  
He found the place, and slept an hour.  
Out from their nooks among the trees  
Where rustles through the leaves the  
    breeze,  
The Fairies come with voices low  
And circling round the youth they go,  
Breathing in his drowsy ear  
Thoughts of hope and words of cheer :—



## FAIRIES' SONG.

" See ! the lovely bride is coming !  
Like the Morn her cheeks are blooming !  
Floating like the Night her hair  
Round a form of beauty rare !

" Sleep in moonshine, sleep 'mid beauty !  
Wake not, wake not, till thy duty  
From the Fairies thou shalt hear ;  
Weigh the words with willing ear ! "

## VI.

Then little Daisy drew anear  
And gently sang in Edward's ear,  
While her silver wings in the moon shone  
    bright  
And her gold hair gleamed in the pearly  
    light :—

" Safe from want and sorrow, thou  
    Hast a spirit bounding light ;  
Ne'er let passion mark thy brow  
    With its dark and loathsome blight ;  
All thy happiness on earth  
Lieth with thyself henceforth ;  
Brave and open-hearted live,  
Freely take and freely give."

Thus she spoke, and back she drew,  
Round the circling Fairies flew,  
Sweet and high the chorus rung,  
All the Fays the burden sung,—  
“ Brave and open-hearted live,  
Freely take and freely give.”

## VII.

Then little Rosebud forward came  
With cheeks that glowed like the even-  
ing flame  
As it dies in the west, and a velvety wing  
Like moss that circles a woodland  
spring :—

“ Mortal guard the good thou hast,  
Never let your joy decay ;  
Is thy heart by care o'ercast ?  
Banish care at once away !  
Thou canst ever happy be  
With a maiden matched for thee ;  
Lock the gladness in thy heart,  
Never let it thence depart.”

“ Thus sang Rosebud ; back she drew,  
Round the singing Fairies flew ;—  
“ Lock the gladness in thy heart,  
Never let it thence depart.”

## VIII.

Now they cease to circle round,  
And sing with louder song and sound :—

## SONG.

“ Happy mortal ! lend thine ear,  
Heed, O heed the elfin cheer ;  
Never let a cloud of sorrow  
Cast a gloom upon the morrow.

Lo, the moon is slowly sailing  
Down the west ; her light is paling  
And the morning star is high  
In the streaky Orient sky.

Wake thee, wake thee ! pleasure borrow  
Love and joy are thine to-morrow ;  
O, ’twill be a gladsome day—  
Wake thee, wake and hie away ! ”

So they sang ; the Fairy rout  
Vanished with a merry shout ;  
East and West and South and North  
From the morn they hurried forth.

## IX.

Years have since passed ; still Bodkin  
Rock  
Every night, as the moon to mock,

Gleams with a thousand sparkles bright,  
Like a thousand stars in the crown of  
Night.

There still they say the Fairies dance  
And sing and play where the moonbeams  
glance ;

Each night they hurry to Bodkin's brow  
And scatter the dew from the straggling  
bough ;

And the boatman gliding along the stream  
Resting his oars in the moon's mild beam,  
Can hear their songs thro' the tall tree-  
tops

Like the tinkling sounds of water-drops.

## X.

And by Pocatapaug's lovely side  
Edward Winter and his sweet bride  
Lived for many a blissful year  
In heavenly love and earthly cheer.  
There may be seen the sunny cot,  
And there the pleasant garden-plot,  
Still may be seen the spacious lawn,  
With many a fragrant flower thereon ;  
But the place is lone, for the happy pair  
Have passed away in the realms of air.

## WALTON'S SECOND SONG.

## MY NATIVE VALE, FAREWELL !

THE laughing East awakes the morn,  
The glad thrush warbles in the dell ;  
My heart alone is sad and lorn,  
For I a long adieu must tell,  
My native vale, to thee,—farewell !

'Twas by thy lonely woodland brook  
That first I learned the Muse to woo,  
To con the lines in Nature's book—  
But now fate drives me hence, adieu !  
Home of my infancy, adieu !

I mind when but a little child  
My mother took me by the hand  
And led me thro' thy beauties wild,  
And bade me mark the gorgeous band  
Of wonders worked by Nature's hand.

And later, in my down-cheeked days,  
I loitered in thy breezy bowers  
With one whose sweet and winning ways  
Shall haunt me till my latest hours,—  
Her grave is green with moss and  
flowers.

All thoughts that soothe my weeping soul  
All scenes, sweet vale, that bless my  
view,  
Rest here with thee ; but Fate's grim  
scroll  
Warns me to part, adieu, adieu !  
Dear land, forevermore, adieu !

But where or how my bark shall roll  
On Fortune's dark and dangerous  
swell,  
Oh, ne'er shall wither from my soul  
The memories of my native dell,  
Thou still art mine, sweet vale, fare-  
well !

### FINALE.

Next morn a gloomy canopy  
Of threatening clouds o'erhung the sky;  
A mist was creeping o'er the lake,  
And silence clung to wood and brake.

Although unruffled by a breeze  
The leaves were dropping from the trees  
By their own weight. The fields among  
The chickadee had hushed his song,  
And twittered in the brush that bound  
The fences, and along the ground.  
The boys rose up at early dawn,  
Folded the canvas and were gone.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS.

—  
THE COMING LIGHT.

Over the wood-crowned hills, O Moon in  
loveliness breaking,  
Out of the dusk and gloom thou comest  
rejoicing the night ;  
Mild is thy face as the face of a babe  
from slumber awaking,  
Fair to behold thy form and dear to  
the eye thy light.

Here by the stream I stand in the valley  
where shadows linger,  
Here where the murmurs rise on the  
moist air soothing and sweet ;  
Pointing to heaven the pine tree stands  
like a warning finger,—  
Pointing to heaven while the long,  
dull shadow falls at my feet.



Lo! from thy silver beams, O Moon, how  
the darkness hurries,  
And on the silent downs how sweetly  
thy radiance lies!

Back from thy path the black clouds  
break and the wild rack skurries,  
Paling with fright at thy white face,  
vanishing out of the skies.

Only a moment since, from the deep,  
weird dark of the forest  
Shrilly the cry of the screech-owl came  
like an omen of ill:

Now while on dew-shedding wings thro'  
the azure ether thou soarest,  
Still is that boding cry, all ominous  
sounds are still.

Sweet are the visions that woo my soul  
as I gaze on thy glory;

Dear to my breast are the joys that  
grow in thy flooding light;  
Into the years I peer, and read their  
wonderful story;

Poet and prophet art thou, O white-  
robed queen of the night!

Lo! I behold the light of love from the  
darkness breaking,

Out of its luminous path all hurrying  
shadows fly!  
Streaming the glory descends, and earth  
from her bondage waking  
Rises and looks with tearless eyes on  
a nearer sky.

## EVENING.

The silent shades of evening  
Are falling o'er the earth,  
And rising stars are calling  
The soothing breezes forth.

Oh, blessed Eve! how cheerful,  
How welcome to my breast,  
Thy labor-veiling shadows;  
Thy hours of needful rest;

Thy stars, like children playing  
In yon broad field of light;  
And the cool air that fanneth  
The hot brow of the night.

Oh! life is but a shadow  
Thrown from the walls above;  
But how it glows, sweet Evening,  
In thy calm smile of love!

## FORLORN.

When the petals of the rose  
Fall in every wind that blows,  
And each fainting unto death  
In the damp mould slumbereth;  
Still the reddened hips remain  
In the wind and beating rain,  
All the glory gone from them,  
Dying on the withered stem,  
Striving still to catch the ray  
Of October's lessening day.

Thus each pleasure I have known,  
All my winged joys have flown,  
Till my sweetest memories sleep  
Where the silent willows weep;  
All alone I stand to-day  
In the slant sun's failing ray,  
And I feel the north wind's breath  
Like the chilling damp of death,  
Whilst it evermore complains:  
Pleasure flies, but grief remains.

## O, COULD I PAINT!

O, could I paint the line of light  
That gleams above the mountain's  
brow,

When the red sun has sunk from sight,  
And night o'ershadows all below,  
Then could I show the light that lies  
Within my loved one's laughing eyes.

And could I catch the golden hue  
That tinged the cloudlet of the morn  
Which circled in the stainless blue,  
Upon the dewy breezes borne,  
Then might I draw those tresses fair -  
That float on every breath of air.

Could I depict the rose's dye  
As 't opens to the morning light,  
Ere yet its blushing leaves are dry,  
Steeped in the moisture of the night;  
Then would I sketch those lips of hers,  
Whose smiles make men idolaters.

Alas! the aim were far too high  
For my weak pencil to essay,—  
While gazing on my subject's eye  
Mine own was dazzled in the ray;  
And when I viewed her lips, her hair,  
My heart took flight and left me there.

## LATE SUMMER.

O, rare is the time when the leafy trees  
Are loud with the mirth of the harvest  
fly,  
And grasses nod to the noiseless breeze,  
That curls the vanishing clouds on  
high.

Along the lane and the hill-side fair  
The sumach glows and the golden-rod;  
And sound of pleasure is everywhere,  
For Nature lives in the light of God.

Around the morning a radiance shines  
That wakes the world unto perfect bliss;  
In roseate glory the day declines  
And leaves the skies with a silent kiss.

All night the cricket untiring drums  
His tune, in shadowy arbor hid,  
While out of the loftier foliage comes  
The constant call of the katydid.

Oh, sweet is the season and full of life!  
Oh, full of life and of loveliness!  
The earth has flung at her feet all strife  
And cares for nought but to cheer and  
bless.

## THE FAITH OF LOVE.

I saw my love but once—'twas long  
ago,—

I met her where the stream divides  
the plain ;

I saw her only once, and yet I know  
That sometime, somewhere, we shall  
meet again.

The flowers on all the fields were bright,  
and she

Was gathering blossoms in the dew  
that morn,—

Her eyes met mine one moment,—oh,  
to me

A life of joy in that sweet glance was  
born.

The blue of heaven was in those dream-  
ful eyes,

The bloom of June upon her dimpled  
cheek ;

Abashed I stood and gazed in mute sur-  
prise,

In holy awe I passed, and dared not  
speak.

But, oh, the flame the light of her dear  
    eyes  
    Set burning in my breast can never  
    fail ;  
Around my soul its pleasing radiance  
    lies  
    Lighting my steps along life's shadowy  
    vale.

I saw her only once—'twas long ago ;  
    Yet my soul's bound to her with golden  
    chain,  
And by the light of love I see and know  
    That we shall meet in answering love  
    again.

### HOW BRIGHT ARE THY GLANCES.

How bright are thy glances, sweet River !  
    How proudly thou rollest along !  
The wash of thy water is ever  
    As sweet as the music of song.  
I wander to-day o'er the meadow  
    Whose edges thy pure waters lave,  
Whilst, freed from each care-woven  
    shadow,  
My soul grows as calm as thy wave.

And here by the side of the wildwood,  
Where lately the bright asters grew,  
I dream of the days of my childhood  
And all the sweet pleasures they knew  
How poor seems each world-purchased  
pleasure,  
Compared with these visions so rare !  
Oh, surely such moments of leisure  
Are worth a whole life-time of care.

And what though the asters around me  
Lie withered and brown on thy shore ?  
The dream of their light that once bound  
me  
Shall live in my breast evermore.  
And noble Connecticut, never  
Thy beauty shall fade from my soul !  
Still bright are thy glances, sweet River !  
Still proudly thy pure waters roll !

### AFTER THE MIST.

I walked in the mist of the morning,  
Where verdure lay dead on the lea,  
While arose from the South like a warn-  
ing  
The roar of the surge of the sea.



And the sun was enshrouded in shadows,  
The mist often shuddered in showers,  
And the breezes that breathed from the  
    meadows  
    Were faint with the scent of dead  
    flowers.

Yet I felt in my pulses the throbbing  
    Of hope as I hurried away  
To the woods where, in weariness sobbing,  
    They hung o'er the hillside so gray.  
Then I paused in the pass of the moun-  
    tain,  
    And saw the clouds breaking above,  
And there sang at my feet a sweet foun-  
    tain  
    In tones like the voice of a dove.

Oh, then in my heart the wild throbbing  
    Grew still by the stream where I lay;  
And the wood hushed its wearisome  
    sobbing,  
    And glowed in the glory of day;  
And I marked, in the meadowlands grow-  
    ing,  
    Sweet flowerets both fragrant and  
    bright,  
While the blue sea afar was a-flowing  
    In silence of beauty and light.

## I HEARD THE ROBIN SINGING.

I heard the robin singing  
High in the budding tree,  
That late by surly tempest  
Was swayed upon the lea.

The swollen and rushing streamlet  
Resounded down the dell,  
Where late through lingering snow-drifts  
And frozen bars it fell.

And soft the southern breezes  
Low-murmured in the pine,  
Where weirdly all the winter  
I heard the north wind whine.

And bird and brook and breezes  
Still to my soul did say :  
Oh, truth awakes from sorrow,  
And beauty from decay.

## THE WONDROUS DAWN.

As dawn dispelled the gloom  
Sad Mary sought the tomb,  
Wherein they laid the Saviour crucified;  
And robed in radiant white  
Appeared an angel bright  
Saying, "Lo, He liveth who for sinners  
died!"

The bonds of earth were burst,  
And chased the shades accursed  
That morn beheld the world all glorified,  
And down the steep of time  
Shall ring the words sublime,  
"Lo, the Christ liveth who for sinners  
died!"

## THE APPROACH OF JUSTICE.

Rejoice, for the morn is breaking,  
And the darkness melts away!  
Even now the heavens are lighted  
With the hope of a glorious day.  
Oh, shout in the joyful promise,  
For our watch is nearly o'er,  
And the night of black Injustice  
Shall harass our souls no more.

Stand forth, ye royal warriors !  
Prepare for the coming fight,  
With your tempered swords of honor,  
And your shining shields of right !  
Stand forth, ye weary millions  
In the faith of victory strong !  
Oh, strike for the reign of Justice,  
And down with the reign of Wrong.

Behold, the morn approaches  
And fills the ether cope  
With the promise of human glory.  
The saving light of hope !  
That hope shall ne'er deceive us,  
For the people, in their might,  
Are backed by the God of Justice,  
And flanked by the walls of Right.

### THE MOON ROSE LIKE AN ANGEL.

The moon rose like an angel,  
With face of lustrous glow,  
And robed in peaceful beauty,  
Smiled on the world below.

I walked beside the streamlet  
That cleft the mead in twain—  
It purled along its pebbles  
With mournful, sweet refrain.

The faded leaves were rustling,  
Responsive to the breeze  
That came across the meadows  
And died among the trees.

A weariness and sadness  
All Nature's face oppressed,  
A sense of consummation—  
She seemed to long for rest.

Yet ever like an angel,  
With face of lustrous glow,  
The cold moon robed in beauty  
Smiled on the world below.

### HAIL, EVENING !

Hail Evening ! fair and glorious goddess,  
hail !  
Whose blessings float about this  
world of ours  
Like perfumes on the breeze that  
fans the flowers  
Down in the peaceful vale.

With what a stately step thou movest  
down  
This happy dell, while thy black  
tresses flow

About thy bosom and thy rounded  
brow,  
Bound with a starry crown !

Thou comest, Evening, and the cares of  
day  
Are hushed in deep forgetfulness,  
and cease  
Their beating in my breast ; thy  
words of peace  
Chase all sad thoughts away.

Oh, how I love the sweet, the sacred  
smile  
That beams upon thy heavenly  
countenance !  
Can all the silken draperies of Ro-  
mance  
My weary heart beguile,

As do those eyes of thine, that star-bound  
crest,  
Those cheeks whereon the eddying  
dimples play,  
Thy breast whereon my weary head  
I lay  
To sink in peaceful rest ?

## TWO VIEWS.

## I.

I walk abroad this glad, sweet day,  
And to the breezes bare  
My forehead as I haste away,  
And breathe the bracing air.

And where the oak, so old and gray,  
Seems grappling with the sky,  
I stand and all the scenes survey  
That open to the eye.

The sun towards his mid-day throne  
In matchless glory goes;  
The hills in varied robes stoop down  
Where the broad river flows.

Cropping the fading green, the sheep  
The hillsides fleck with white;  
The cattle in the coppice keep,  
And browse half hid from sight.

And distant as the eye can bear  
All smiling lies the land;  
The harvest, ripening rich and fair,  
Proclaims a bounteous hand.

Oh, beauteous world ! Oh, perfect world !  
Broad earth, and deep, blue sky !  
A man, and in this gorgeous world  
How small a thing am I !

## II.

Again I come and gaze around,  
And all the scenes survey  
Far as the horizon's purple bound  
Permits the eye to stray.

The ripened year with generous hand,  
Before me and behind,  
Repays the wondrous labors planned  
By man's immortal mind.

The river reddens to the glow  
Of sunset's fading ray ;  
Great vessels throbbing to and fro  
Are bearing wealth away ;

Along the road across the plain,  
Where the fair brooklet flows,  
Beneath its load of ripened grain  
The creaking wagon goes ;

Adown the fields the straggling cows  
Pursue their lazy way ;  
The barns are bursting with the mows  
Of grain and fragrant hay.



And o'er the yellow path-marked hill  
The toiler trudgeth home,  
Tired of his labors at the mill,  
And glad that eve has come.

Oh, perfect world ! Oh, wondrous world !  
Kind earth and glorious sky !  
A living soul ! and in the world  
How great, how great am I !

### ROSABELLE.

When summer twilight darkens and birds  
are hushed to rest,  
And the vesper-star is floating adown  
the glowing west,  
When glistening dew is on the green,  
and silence in the dell,  
Oh, then my loved one comes to me, my  
sleeping Rosabelle.

We walk across the meadow and down  
the leafy glen,  
And watch the fleeting fire-flies flash  
o'er the sedgy fen ;  
And where the rivulet turns to leap along  
the wooded dell,  
I pause and gaze into her eyes—my lov-  
ing Rosabelle,

Those eyes so blue and tender shall look  
in mine no more ;  
Her gentle voice shall never sing the  
songs I loved of yore ;  
And yet I know she comes to me and  
whispers " All is well,"  
And cheers me from her grassy grave—  
my heart's love, Rosabelle.

I know she stands beside me here where  
the sweet-brier grows ;  
Her breath is soft upon my face, and  
sweet as the wild rose ;  
But all the visions that we built, the  
dreams we loved to tell,  
They sleep within thy grassy grave, my  
sainted Rosabelle.

### OH, THAT CRUEL WORD !

Oh, that cruel word to me !  
Me, whose love has been for thee  
Deep as starlight in the sea,  
Sweet Louise ;  
Oh, I cannot, cannot bear  
From thy heart the bonds to tear,  
Which have chained my spirit there,  
Dear Louise.

I have thought of you alone  
Till the night was nearly flown,  
And believed you still my own,

My Louise;

And again at break of day,  
In the morning's rosiest ray  
I have seen your smile so gay,

Sweet Louise.

Oft I've sat and gazed on you,—  
On those eyes of trusting blue,  
And they've thrilled me thro' and thro',

Loved Louise,—

On that rippling golden hair,  
And the radiant cheeks so fair,  
And your lips that spoke no care,

Cold Louise.

While to my most fond caress  
All the sweetness and the grace  
Shone responsive in your face

Fair Louise,

Could I dream that vile deceit  
In your bosom's pulses beat?  
Oh, the blighting, cold deceit,

False Louise!

## THE ANGELIC CHORUS.

At midnight from the zenith burst a light  
More radiant and more beautiful than  
dawn,  
And the meek shepherds on the  
shadowy lawn  
Gazed upward in mute wonder on the  
sight;  
The stars sank back in pallor, and the  
skies  
Trembled responsive to rich harmonies.

And lo! an angel spake, "Be not afraid!  
I bear glad tidings; for this happy morn  
A Saviour and a King to man is born;  
He sleepeth in a manger lowly laid."  
Then rolled along the heavens the glad  
refrain:  
"Glory to God on high and peace to  
men!"

Soon from the skies the streaming light  
was gone,  
And Night and Silence rested on the  
hill;  
But the mute shepherds, looking up-  
ward still,

Could hear the heavenly echoes rolling  
on.

So evermore the listening world can hear  
The Angelic Chorus ringing sweet and  
clear.

### WHEN NIGHT IS ON THE HILLS.

When night is sleeping on the hills,  
And silent are the hours,  
When heaven its balmy dew distils  
To bathe the weeping flowers,  
Alone beneath the circling spheres  
With heavy heart I go,  
And steep the green with flowing tears  
Where thou art lying low,  
My love,  
Where thou art lying low.

Oh, then thy spirit comes to me  
From her bright home above;  
Thy angel form I cannot see,  
But hear thy words of love;  
Thy gentle voice my bosom thrills  
With soothing hope and cheer;  
When night is sleeping on the hills  
I know that thou art near,  
My love;  
I know that thou art near.

